

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JUNE



ILLUSTRATING
THE NEW SERIAL STORY
"THE THREE SAPPHIRES"
by W.A. Fraser

Must All Nations Lose Their Independence?—By H. G. WELLS

bert W. Service—Hon. N. W. Rowell—George Pearson—E. Phillips Oppenheim—Agnes C. Laut—Alan Sullivan



This last encounter, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will probably clear your skin of blemishes.

To make your skin flawless— The right treatment for skin blemishes

SKIN specialists are increasingly finding fewer troubles in the blood—more in the bacteria and parasites which are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, dirt and grease.

To clear your skin from blemishes caused by this powerful and most persistent enemy, use regularly the following cleansing and antiseptic treatment—

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Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's and they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Gently scrub blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then wash very carefully with clear, hot water. This will clear the skin. This special treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will make your skin so fine and agree that it

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You will and the special treatment for keeping your skin free from blemishes in the toilet soap and cream every color of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXXI.

JUNE, 1918

Number 8

The Three Sapphires

A Story of Mystery and War Intrigue

By W. A. Fraser

Author of "Homen," "Throughbreaks," Etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wynn

FRANK where they were on the marble terrace that reached from the palace in a little lake—the Lake of the Golden Palace—Lord Victor Ulfron and Captain Swinton could see the intricate mazes of Durpore City's lights down on the plain, as miles away.

Over the farther topped and forested hill the palace a gorgeous moon was flooding the earth with light, turning to ribbons of gold the swirling ripples on the jade lake, where malacca and harpal sat in play.

Frank Durpore was leaning lazily against the footwork marble balustrade just where the great steps dipped down under the water. He was really Prince Ananda, the emperor, for down in the city of glittering lights still lived his father, the mehakjak, but it had become customary to address the prince as such.

A servant came and took their empty sherry glasses.

Prince Ananda was saying in his soft, Oriental voice that the Oxford training had not to lower rhythm. "After that going up in the tanks I always had it difficult to come out here and have my sherry and bluffs before dinner."

"It's a little lower," said Lord Victor Ulfron, stretched his thin arm toward the shining lights of Durpore. "It's been your grandfather in the bangle." The prince assented. "I hadn't time when you got arrived. This morning to me just here you were glad I turned! Any language up here, either; they're all in the cantamant."

"We're killed up round," Lord Victor

answered. "Serres, screws—every-day."

"Well, I'm very glad you came," Ananda said. "At Oxford you often talked about the emperor you were to have here, didn't you?"

"Rather."

"But I never thought Karl Crail would let you come. Having lived in India in his younger days, I feared he'd be gone dry of the country."

Lord Victor laughed. "I got morning orders from the gov'ner."

THE prince tapped a cigarette on the marble rail, lighted it from the French's a watched servant slipped into range with a puff of smoke out toward the little lake, and, with a smile, murmured dreamily: "I wonder if I know the gov'ner?"

"You didn't, old chap, though you've popped the gov'ner's tea all right. Swinton has it for his supper, he's supposed to be in charge."

"Well, you're safe at Durpore. That's absolutely certain here just now. Everybody's in Canada."

"I fancy the gov'ner rolled out to only about that before he passed up off." And then, startled, a tribute to his reputation for gallantry.

"I should say you're in good hands. As a soldier's whole life is good in his hands that's another question. When Prince Ananda had met them at the train Swinton had seen his black eyes narrow in a hard look. He had been wondering

if the prince knew his real position—that he was Captain Swinton, the secret service. But that was impossible. Probably the prince was a masterpiece of all European.

This Ananda seemed to be a competent soldier. "That's England all over; they're so much afraid of breaking rules by carrying



W. A. FRASER

Great Canadian author who contributes to Maclean's his best and his best.

lower down as we are here. In fact—Durpore raised his hand and pointed to the distant city, the mehakjak still sitting under, probably in his glass paper room, listening to some wandering troubadour singing the emperor's lineage of Krishna and the Milkmaids, and his mind is quite at rest, knowing that the Emperor's ruling is so strong that it protects itself in the way of mehakjak.

"That's all," Lord Victor blurted out happily. "Come it, prince, you got now come under the place at Oxford."

Ananda looked. "Presently it is still under the pillow. You see, when I crossed the black water I broke up into. When the time came that it is necessary for the welfare of Durpore that I take it on again—well, I may. To tell you the truth, the mehakjak is not a brilliant at all, he's something very much greater, if he's only think so, he's a ruler of the Akshara race, the warrior class."

SWINTON, sitting back in his chair, had closed his eyes, experiencing a curious, painless effort in listening to the English voice intently drawing these personal details, then when he opened them suddenly there was the blue eyes of the Oriental, the Indian prince. It didn't rise true, there was a disturbing something at it that kept his nerves tingling. Perhaps it was that he had come to suddenly investigate.



Kelly of the Legion

By Robert W. Service

Who wrote "The Blood Red Fire-engine," "Songs of a Sourdough," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

New Kelly was an fighter;
He loved his pipe and glass;
An ever-ready blighter,
Who lived in Montparnasse,
But lost the tavern battle
He heard some gunner say:
"When France goes forth to battle
The Legion leads the way!"

"The arrangements of evasion,
Of story and of shams;
The one who's known dauntless
As pulled to lead the way!"

Well, Kelly joined the Legion;
They marked him day and night;
They rushed him to the region
Where largest loomed the fight.
"Behold your mighty messen,
Your destiny," they say;
"By glorious tradition
The Legion leads the way!"

"With faltered banners flying,
With host of dead and dying,
On! On! All hell's dynamo,
The Legion sweeps the way!"

With grim, hard-bitten faces,
With jets of savage wrath,
They swept into their places,
The men of iron wrath.
Their bloodied steel was babbling,
They swung to pass the fray;
Then rushing, roaring, crashing,
The Legion cleared the way.

The trail they blazed was gory;
Few tried to tell the story;
Through death they ploughed to glory;
But oh, they cleared the way!

Slow Kelly lay a-dying,
And truly saw adventure,
With split new banners flying,
The banners of France;
Then up and the wily
He rose from where he lay:
"Come on, my boys," says Kelly,
"The Legion leads the way!"

Age, while they faltered, ducking,
(Such flames of death were sparkling)
He caught them, flanking them, shouting—
"The Legion leads the way!"

They saw him, dip and stumble,
Then stagger on once more;
They marked him trip and tumble,
A mass of grim and gore;
They watched him wildly cowering
Amid hell's own effort,
And calling, calling, calling—
"The Legion leads the way!"

And even while they wavered,
The battle raged, a on-and-on;
The victory they thundered,
But . . . Kelly led the way.

Still Kelly kept a-moist,
Rememberable he was;
His eyes with fury glowing;
A fan of a man;
His sabre madly swinging;
His soul a-thirst to slay;
His slaps rampant, ringing—
"The Legion leads the way!"

Till in a pit, death-baited,
Heave above with banners waving,
He plunged . . . and there, blood-soaked,
To death he led the way.

New Kelly was a fellow
Who simply loathed a fight
He loved a tavern railing,
Gave hot and pipe a light.
I'm sure the show appalled him;
And yet without dreamy;
When Death and Duty called him,
He up and led the way.

So in Valhalla dwelling,
If horses roared and drinking
Are suffered there, I'm thinking
"The Kelly leads the way."



Editor's Note.—Robert W. Service says again in verse form in MACLEAN'S that a series of articles on the work of the Canadian forces in France. He has had service in the Western front since the war began. This is the sixth of his new series of war poems—and one of the best.

The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service and the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "Mr. Gros of Monte Carlo," "The Double Pretence," etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

THE Japanese had not been heard of for some time, and now they came. When he had finished he looked up at her.

"I am permitted to take a copy?" he asked.

"Certainly!"

He touched a bell, spoke down a maid-pipe, and with almost inextinguishable confidence two young men were in the room. A screen was dragged out, a little desk at right angles to the curtain, and the attendants vanished as quickly as they had come. The Ambassador's right hand was in the envelope, handed a stick of sealing-wax and a needle to Lefebvre, who leaned over and twisted the envelope.

"The signature?" he enquired.

"Will be best under lock and key," the Ambassador promised. "It will stay in the archives of Japanese history. In future we shall know."

Once more he touched a bell. The door was opened. Lefebvre found himself escorted into the street. He was back at the Embassy in time to meet a little stream of departing guests.

He made his way out into the garden. The darkness was now a little more solemn, and he had to give his way to the palms. Soon he stood before the dark outline of the summer house. In the window panes which he was making his way through he saw a silver candlestick and a silver vase. He stepped under the eaves and he had picked up in his way and threw it through the open window. The candle was extinguished. A shadowy form leaned out.

"The quiet alone," she murmured softly. "Can you show it to me?"

He nodded.

"I think so."

The first object was successful. The seal dissolved, wrapped up as his handwriting. A moment or two later he saw Pamela's face at the window.

"Good-night!" she whispered. "Quickly, please. There is still some one about."

The light was extinguished. Lefebvre made his way cautiously back, replaced the plate upon its tripod and reached the shelter of the Embassy, detached new of course.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. OSCAR FISCHER and his friend, Senator Theodore Hastings, stood side by side, a week later, in the American Bar of one of the most fashionable of New York hotels. They were passing away the few minutes before Pamela and her aunt would be ready to join them in the dining-room, where

"Very little news, I fancy," Hastings remarked, glancing at the Hastings who was passing through his companion's fingers.

CONCLUDING INCIDENT

"Nothing of any importance," Fischer replied. "Nothing."

The elder man glanced searchingly at his companion, the change in whose face was unobtrusive. Fischer was standing with the tape in his hand, his eyes glued upon a certain paragraph. The Senator took out his eyeglasses and looked over his friend's shoulder.

"What is that?" he demanded. "Oh?"

Fischer was holding a great bottle and looking at it.

"Something," wrote, apparently, with Frank Hastings, he observed: "an old college friend of mine. They made him Governor of Connecticut only last year."

Hastings read the item thoughtfully.

General Hastings then murmured, "I am surprised at his resignation at Governor of the State of Connecticut. We understood that it was not accepted."

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"I should doubt it," Fischer replied. "You are mistaken. But there is always a great risk of mistake in business where employees are being handled. It is a new thing to me of the manufacturer here, and it is always that they are not making any of all the necessary provisions."

"I am," Hastings observed, reflectively. "So that in how you would explain the epidemic of diseases, eh?"

"Certainly."

"At the same time, Fischer, to set my mind at ease, at last," Hastings murmured. "I should like to assure you that you have nothing whatever to do with any organization, should there be such a thing, including in its object the destruction of American property."

"I will do more than answer your question in the affirmative," was the direct reply. "I will assign you that no such organization exists."

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"Mr. Hastings," he pronounced, "I have given the subject of supporting your nomination my deepest consideration. I was at last time, I must confess, feverishly disposed towards the idea. I have changed my mind. I have decided to give my support to the present Administration."

FISCHER'S face was dark with anger. He even allowed an exclamation to escape from his lips. Hastings, however, remained master of himself.

"I will not discuss from you, Mr. Joyce," he confessed. "I am exceedingly disappointed. I have fully considered everything. I have seen our people, for instance, to estimate you as my successor."

"I have considered everything," Joyce replied. "The drawback on my mind, to be frank with you, is that I doubt whether you would receive sufficient support throughout the country. It is my idea," he went on, "that I may be wrong, of course, that the support of the German-Americans who, you must know are in numbers, are an exceedingly ancestral party of America, will place you in an exceptional position."

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Is Japan Seeking a New Ally?

Great Terrorist Talks Privately of Future to American Journalist—Germany or the United States?

THE policy of Japan for the future was very clearly stated by Count Terachi, the premier, in an interview with Gregory Mason, published in *The Outlook*. It was a most unusual interview in every respect and the substance of the publication is what it appears as well as the high standing of the journalist who secured it. It is almost a product of any quarter of its authority. It is not possible to repeat the conversation in full, but appended is Mr. Mason's most important question and the answer thereto, and a summary that Mr. Mason supplies of the impression he gained from the words of the Japanese statesman. The conclusion that Mr. Mason draws with reference to the Anglo-Japanese alliance is one that few will agree with but it is necessary for what it is worth.

"Count Terachi, you may permit me to ask a very bold, straightforward question," I said. "I should like to know the main impression that is prevailing among certain circles of America. Now that the Russo-British alliance has been shattered, certain German newspapers have gone so far as to talk of a Berlin-Tokyo connection through Russia. Some American newspapers are of the opinion that there is a possibility of Japan's forming an alliance with Germany after the war, if the conclusion of the war itself should favor such possibility. What is your Excellency's opinion about this?"

"That will depend entirely on how the present war may end," said Gregory Terachi. "It is impossible to predict the character of the conclusion of this war may bring. If the exigencies of the international relationship demand it, Japan, being unable to maintain a position of total isolation, may be induced to seek an ally in Germany, but, as far as I am judge from the existing condition of affairs, an such design, in other words, I believe that Japan's relations with the Entente powers will continue unaltered after the present war is terminated. It was asked by a certain American gentleman whether Japan was ever desirous for the future of American-Japanese friendship, when I did my best to explain the situation. If the United States should take such a step as would endanger the independence of China, Japan could not, of course, such ally, but it is clear that the United States will never do anything of the kind. Therefore there is no fear of the American-Japanese friendship being in any way threatened."

As I understood them, the subject points brought out in my interview with Premier Terachi are these:

First, unless the German nation in the Far East (Manchuria) grows considerably stronger than it is at this writing, Japan will not intervene in Siberia except with the warm approval and with the assistance of the economic support of all her allies. The scheme of economic growth by the Japanese Ambassador in Peking, who has just come out of Russia, emphasizes the part which is for economic purposes in the question of intervention.

Second, if Japan does intervene she would rather to have an Anglo-Japanese co-operating agent, perhaps, would detachments of Chinese, although she would consent to Allied assistance if the Allies could not do otherwise, and would need generous treatment as the Japan of manifestos and money from Great Britain and America.

Third, if Japan does intervene, she will have no intention of going beyond a limited objective, possibly inland, where she would approach even with the Russian and American troops. Japan, in short, has the desire to meet the exigencies of the future of the



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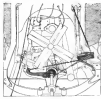
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your friends, or any unperceived subconscious. I spent the support of the real American citizen. I was to be free from all military ties and obligations. I went to Canada for America, and America only. I set only want to be President, you see, but I want to be the chosen President of the right sort of people.

I am going to set out to make me in the future and, say, Mr. Fisher, he concluded, holding out his hand. "I had a note asking me to visit the Chief Attorney, which I only returned to me was here. I have an idea that it is about the Bingham business."

FISHER returned to the other alone. Bingham was deeply disturbed at his guest's departure. He tried and again, however, refused to treat it lightly.

"Japan is like all these leagues," he declared. "He is simply waiting to see which way the wind blows. I have some sense than many times. He like to support action at the conference, and if they their hands then."

"I should have said," Pamela remarked, "that Mr. Joyce was a man where that sort of thing."

"Every man has his price and his weak spot," she said observed dispassionately. "Every man is a President. His weak spot is popular adulation. I agree with Fisher. He will probably join as late."

Mr. Hastings was summoned to the telephone a moment or two later. Mrs. Bingham came to him and said that Pamela moved her place over to Fisher's side. His face lightened at her spontaneous remark. The story he heard, however, at the Bingham complaint with which he welcomed her.

"I am back in New York," he said. "I met Mr. Leitcher."

"He is back in New York?" Fisher asked, looking at Pamela.

"He told me something which I feel lacked to tell you," she continued, looking into her companion's hand with a gleam of sympathy in her eyes. "You are completely unaware of the narrow margin Governor Bingham's nomination was compulsory. He is under arrest."

"For negligence?"

"For participation," was the quiet reply. "He is under arrest and has been in the city where these things took place. He only got back late this afternoon."

"I understand," Mr. Fisher said. "You say, it's rather in his line," Pamela murmured. "He is over here to supersede the production of the League from the factories which are working for the British Government."

"He is over here as a sort of personal mouth-piece-maker," Fisher exclaimed faintly. "I understand that he has been seen at Westminster."

"Pamela nodded.

"He went down with one of the heads of the New York League."

"The turned away, but Fisher caught at her wrist.

"You know more than this," he cried hoarsely.

"The agony in the man's face and low voice. After all, he was looking for the great things. There was nothing more about Fisher, nothing which would have given him a clue."

"I have told you all that I can," she said. "But if you wanted you could catch the New York League—and think I should advise you to go."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FISHER, on leaving his unperceived dinner party, drove direct to the residence of Mr. Max H. Bookman, in Fifth Avenue, where he admitted him. He looked a little blank at his inquiry.

"Mr. Bookman was expected here yesterday," he announced. "He has not arrived, however."

"Has there been any telegram from him?" asked the man in the coat of his master's. "Fisher persisted.

"I believe that Mr. Kaye, his secretary, has information about the man's arrival. Perhaps you would like to see him."

Fisher did not hesitate, and was conducted at once to the study in which Mr. Bookman was wont to receive his various afternoon stock market observations. The room was occupied on this evening by a detached-looking young man, with young face and pale features.

Afterward, as Fisher was about to leave, he showed signs of a strange disorder.

"Where's Mr. Bookman?" he asked quickly.

The young man walked to the door, shook it to be sure that it was closed, and came back again. His face was anxious, almost frantic.

"In the state just at Westminster," he said calmly.

"What for?" Fisher demanded, breathing a little sharply.

"I have no certain information," the secretary replied, with a non-committal air. "All I know is that I had a long telephone talk to him in the morning, but before I could go to the room and the house were searched by New York police. They wanted it was useless to return."

"But what's the charge against Mr. Bookman?"

"Is something to do with the disaster in Westminster," the young man continued, "the disaster of the Bote, which Mr. Bookman's company is in the same trouble."

"Better sit down a moment, you're looking white," he said.

"He felt like a man who has built a mighty piece of machinery, has set it running through space and violence, and is now imminent collapse, watching some big bit of machinery, and then he is told that it is broken."

"What papers did the police take away from him?" asked.

"There wasn't very much for them," the secretary replied. "There was a list of the names of the proposed organization, which, coming to book, was a list of names, was never formed. There was a list of factories throughout the United States in which machines are being made, with a blank mark against those having the most important contracts. And there was a letter from Governor Bingham."

"Mr. Bookman hasn't drawn any physical lately for large assets?" Fisher inquired eagerly.

"There are three in his private cheque-book, or, the counterfoils of which are still in his," was the somewhat dreary admission.

Fisher groaned as he received the news.

"Have you any idea about these cheques?" he demanded.

"If an agent," the other acknowledged, "that Mr. Bookman was not very smart. I remember him of your advice—that the money should be passed through Bell and not, he didn't seem to think it worth while."

"Look here, let me know the worst at once," Fisher insisted. "Do you believe that any one of these cheques was made payable to any of the men who are under arrest in Westminster?"

"If an agent," the secretary declared only, "that the proceeds of one were found on the person of Ed. Swindler."

Fisher sat for a moment with his head buried in his hands. "That any man could have been such a fool. An organization would have been a thousand times over. Mr. Bookman was only a very worldly and industrial cunning manufacturer, with an intense love for the Fatherland and a great reverence for all her institutions. What he had done, he had done while heartily but foolishly. He was a man who should never have been trusted for a moment on his own. After all, the power went."

FISHER took his leave and reached his hotel a little before midnight. Already he had begun to look over his shoulder in the street. He found his room empty with a sense of relief, marred by a little disappointment. Skidell was to have been there to bid him farewell—franked on his way back to Japan. He ascended from the office of the hotel that there had been no telephone message or call.

There he turned to his correspondence, and was surprised already thinking at his appointed room.

There was a letter in a large envelope, was the bottom of the pile, addressed to him in Bingham's face handwriting. He tore open the envelope, and there before him as he turned the contents.

A long photograph revealed itself before his eyes. The first few words brought confusion and horror to his senses. His hands trembled. This was indeed, indeed!

It was a photograph of that other catastrophe before. The one which he had given to Skidell to carry to Japan by—grace.

"Fisher," he said, "I am afraid I am. There was no other line, no message, nothing but this damning proof of his own guilt."

A kind of mental torture seized him. He forgot his a card for the same way out. Every act of explanation occurred to him only to be rejected, every sort of subterfuge, only to be cast aside with a head of bloody confusion.

His suddenly stripped bare. His tongue could serve him no more. His mouthed at the telephone receiver and rang the number for which he searched again through the book.

He found the office of the American Steamship Company. "He asked."

"Yes."

"What time will the New York sail?"

"In three-quarters of an hour. Won't be long."

"Can Fisher. Keep everything top here for me."

He showed down the corridor for that of a sudden, packed a few things in a bag, in a dressing, dashed the rest of the correspondence into his pocket, and with the last in one moment, came out over the other arm, as he stepped out into the street. He was chilled at first by the sound of a street car. Afterwards he found a taxi-cab, and drove under the great window shed as the last train was leaving. He looked up the empty street, remembered Fisher, a sense of defeat gnawing at his heart, a bitter, haunting thought, and he went on, with a shiver of the town, the great steamer went into the river. He was leaving for ever the world which he had given as much of his life, leaving it a heritage.

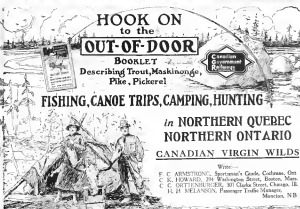


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"It will save us the trouble," he observed, consulting her effort, "of explanations."

LUTCHESTER found his host and his hostess unexpectedly friendly. They even accepted with cheerful philosophy the news that Lutchester's work in America was almost finished for the time, and that Pamela was to accompany him to Europe almost immediately. After dinner, when the two men were left at the table, Hastings became almost comical.

"So far as regards the sympathies of this country, Mr. Lutchester," he said, "the fact is has been said within the last few weeks. There has always been," he proceeded, "a certain irritation existing between even the Anglo-Saxon Americans and your country. We have deemed so often that you have adopted little bits of expediency towards us, and that your methods of treating your intentions have not always taken account of our own little weaknesses. Then America, you know, loves a good fight, and the Germans are a wonderful military people. They were fighting like giants whilst

you in England were still slacking. But it is Germany herself, or rather her sons and friends, who have destroyed her chances for her. Fischer, for instance," he went on, lowering his magazine, "I always looked upon Oscar Fischer as a brilliant and far-seeing man. He was one of those who set themselves deliberately to win America for the Germans. A mere idiotic blunder there he has made of things I could scarcely believe. He has repudiated the diplomatic methods which have made Germany invulnerable throughout the world. He has tried bullying, cajolery, and blackmail, and lost of all he has plunged into crime. No German-American will honorably ever have anything to do with the enemies of this country. I do not mind confessing," Mr. Hastings continued, as he himself tilted his glass down and there he was "that I myself was at one time powerfully attracted towards the Teutonic cause. They are a native wonder in countless wonderful wars, with strong and admirable national characteristics. Yet they are going to lose this war through their lack of wit, for the want of that kindness, that generosity of temperament, which

engels and makes friends in nations as in individuals. The world for Germans, you know, and left for her enemies." "But I am hoping you," Mr. Hastings observed. "I think that she wants to sail you over to Missy Island. We got some assembly mess there at last, and even back by moonlight. It is a sort of luncheon which we always insist upon our guests. My wife and I will follow in the launch."

"To Missy Island?" Lutchester repeated. "We best suited as he led the way to the passage steps. Pamela had already stepped into the boat, and with the help of a boatman was adjusting the sail. She waved her hand gaily and pointed to the level stretch of placid water, still faintly brilliant in the dying sunlight.

"You think that we shall reach Missy Island before the tide turns?" she called out.

Lutchester stopped lightly into the boat and took the place to which she pointed.

"I am content," he said, "to take my chance."

THE END.



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unordinary cowlicks in the rump of
Sergeant MacFar. And after the laugh
overlapped and then a warm, rough and
drowsy, that passed gradually onward and
down, that itself only a cold and shivering
pass. Then at the mouth of the glass
rose the image of something that rejoined
in between the narrow coils and on an
other moment appeared the head and
shoulders of a man clad in worn and
faded garments.

Jack shook his triumphant glint at
Bully Bill. "The latter was still standing
at my feet his body was still forward, his
hands hung rigidly at his side, and his
eyes seemed into a long unending stare.
Possibly his lips began to move."

"I'll be damned!" he said thickly, and
teeming, madly stupidly. "Did you hear
me?" he repeated unobscurely. "I said I'd
be damned."

Jack closed his mouth of a lamp. "I
knew you would," he stopped.
"It's yours," went on the slipper help-
lessly. "It's all yours. I'll send you that
the voice are killed up entirely. What do
we start?"

But Jack had forgotten him. Handing
himself the candle he waited motionless
while the brown fingers of the unseen
rippled open the curtain cover. Presently
Macfar turned over close beside the yellow
flower of the lamp and his bright eyes
described the patient pains that crinkled in
his brow. What emotion ran through
him then the others could only guess at,
but after a while he raised a stiffened
palm that fell with a sudden thump on
Macfar.

"I was all this to you," he said un-
derstanding.

Jack shook his great head. "It's nothing
at all, man. At least," he added with a
groan, "as far as we've got. I was just
looking my head in Edinburgh when you
rejoice my bold of me. He talked hard
and well and though I seemed to suspect
and raise suspicions I don't mind saying
that I was asking to come the minute I
saw you man. But I don't care so long
as you'll have."

"At this Bill, in a depth of confusion,
protested vigorously. He had, he re-
fused, would the whole idea from start
to finish and he was just embarking on a
specious chapter of reminiscence when
Macfar, catching a single warning note
from a nearby wall, failed the lovers
with extraneous care and the incident of
what next. It seemed to one watching
them that between him and that wall
there was something which had in an
unpleasant understanding.

"But for you to say," put in Macfar,
"you know that emotion and, he added,
"what's in it."

To be continued

Stolen Wheel Code

Continued from page 46

For I and my book lost promptly in
against the wooden cash drawer, smother-
ing it at one blow.

She had been mistaken, he had deliber-
ately lost. For the drawer was empty.
"Ah, I told her so, with considerable re-
lief. 'And we all make mistakes, I think,'
she murmured with her enigmatic shrug.

"What I want to know," I said as I
banded the four papers together and
clamped them down in my pocket. "I want
to know how you got that first note from my young
friend the 'housekeeper'?"

She smiled again in a little wonder, as I
young she said down and looked at the
door not more than the skirt. But as I
then confronting her, something in my
Marian Macfar's Magazine would simply say.

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apprise, apparently, struck her as dis-
tasteful. For the brook into a
sudden and deeper ripple of laughter.
There was, however, something in
shilling as it. Her eyes now seemed more
valued. They had lost their earlier look
of terror. Her face seemed to have re-
turned into softer contours.

"Would you like to know?" she said,
lifting her face and looking at that
elder, half-smiling glow into my eyes.
She was speaking slowly and carefully,
and I could see the hesitation in her
eyes to my publicistic shoulder. "Would
it be out of place in a bedroom? Ah,
how not more than the fact that he is
when a man dines with a woman?"

"I see—you mean you stole it, at the
Place."

"Not at all, monsieur," the man said
laughingly back. Then he drew a deeper
breath, and not more rapid to his straight-
back chair.

Something about her face at that mo-
ment, pressed on it seemed to have some
latent note of confidence. The last trace
of fear had fled from it. There was
something simply the triumph, sufficed
triumph, in it.

As a series of apprehensions that through
me as I changed posture into her shilly-
ally. It went through my entire body,
sharp as an electric shock. It brought
me whirling madly about with my back
to her and my face to the open room.

THEN I understood. I saw through it
all, in one baffling second. For
there, faring me, stood the figure of a
man in very blue. It was the same figure
that I had followed through the square.

Not now there was nothing secretive or
mysterious about his attitude. It was
quite the other way for as he moved there
he held a blue-barreled revolver in his
hand and I could see, only too clearly,
that it was loaded directly at me.

The woman's face had worked. I had wanted
her much time. That I had wanted her
for whom she was plainly waiting had come
to her rescue.

The man took those or two steps
farther into the room. His member was still
pressing me. I heard a little gasp from
the woman as she rose to her feet. I took
it for a gasp of indignation.

"You are going to kill him!" she cried,
in German.

"I watched the gun barrel. The man's
own words seemed to horrify the woman
at my side. But there was not a trace of
pity in her voice as she spoke again.

"Wait!" she cried.
"Wait!" said the man with the gun.
"He has everything—the only, the
place, everything."

"But then," she murmured the man.
"But he's armed," she explained.
A murmur around the other's impassive
face.

"What if he is? Take his gun; take
everything!"

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She stepped back and to one side, with
the pocket in her hand.

"Now close the window," ordered the
man.

My heart went down in my boots as I
knew the third of that second closed win-
dow. There was going to be no waste of
time.

I THOUGHT of catching the woman and
holding her shoulder before my body
flashed out of the window, and then of the
light switch, and then of the window. But
they all seemed hopeless.

The woman turned away, holding her
hands over her ears. The tremendous
thought flashed through me that two
hours before I had called the city and
state, and here, within a five-foot of my
own door, I was standing face to face with
death itself!

"Look here," I cried, much as I hated
to, "what do you get out of this?"

"You!" said the man.

"And what good will that do?"

"It'll probably shut your mouth, for our
throat."

"But there are other mouths," I cried.

"And I'm afraid they'll have a great deal
to say."

"I'm ready for them!" was his answer.
I could see his arm, a little, and
straighten out as it moved. The gun
barrel was neither a black "40" or the
end of my line of vision. I felt my heart
stop, for I imagined what the movement
meant.

Then I laughed outright, aloud, and
algebraically and logically.

The stream had been too much for me,
and the snap of the rifle had been too
suddenly, too unexpectedly. I could see
the man with the gun blink perceptibly,
for a second or two, and then I could see
the tightening of his double-lipped mouth.
But that was not all I had seen.

FOR through the half-closed door I had
caught sight of the slowly raised rifle.
The very end I had reached to the
other hall window. I had seen the descent
of the moment I reached the hallway in
these quick catlike steps.

It struck the man as the doorway
opened. But it was not in time to stop the
discharge of the revolver. The report
thundered through the room as the bullet
recoiled and splintered into the pine of the
door.

At the same moment the double-
barrelled weapon spun across the room,
and as the man who held it went down
with the blow, passed Palmer himself
swung toward us through the drifting
smoke.

As he did so, I turned to the woman
with her hands still pressed to her ears.
With one fierce jerk I tore the rubber-
banded parcel of papers from her clasp.

"But the code!" gasped Palmer, as he
tapped frantically at the safe door.

I did not answer him, for a sudden
movement from the woman arrested my
attention. She had moved and caught
up the fallen revolver. The man in line,
reflex over on his hip, was drawing a
second gun from his pocket.

"Quick!" I called to Palmer as I swung
him by the arm and sent him catapult-
ing out through the cracks in the open
door. "Quick—and duck low!"

The shots came together as we stumbled
across the vestibule.

"Quick!" I repeated, as I pulled him
"This way!"

"But the code!" he cried.

"I've got it!" I called out to him as we
went plunging and plunging down through
the three-tiered well of darkness to the
street and thence. "I've got it—I've got
everything!"

MICHELIN

Tire Tests No. 2

This series of tests the new is designed to take the accuracy out of thinking by taking the accuracy in question. Individual test results may vary from the results shown in this magazine. The statistical average in this series will appear in next month's issue of Maclean's Magazine.

Thickness

The previous Michelin advertisement that appeared in "Maclean's" last month showed you how the quantity of retreading material and thickness—measured by weighing the tire.

There is another equally effective way to measure the quantity of material used and that is to measure the actual thickness of tread.

Almost any dealer can supply you with cross sections of the tires he carries in stock. Take a ruler and measure the thickness of their treads.

You will find that here again the Michelin Unimarc has a big advantage. In the 34 x 4 size, for example, the solid though flexible mass of wear-resisting rubber and

fiber is almost as thick. Note also that the tread itself has a high, flat surface. The quantity of material in Michelin Unimarc is greater, not as the quality of material is better. Michelin is unsurpassed in durability and hence most economical.

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Maclean MacLean's Magazine will identify you

total messes, in dialogue, was the man passengers the three caps, he turned the measure of both days.

ten, however his head in a fact now his better standing in the journey master said "The - event ended by."

doing with apprehension. Kelson eyed the seat back in his breast, sense of "Silence" immediately a moment of him, he slipped a when work from one of the first pulled from their slant in his age, and wiped his eyes.

on "Dear is right." Perren's de- drawing into the cap. "On the in working the scale in the ground, set my eye teeth looking where I do right. I am British—Perren is home for me—I I work for justice I don't sell my men in."

dro tapped the breast pocket of his coat. "I got little boat." The half-rate gulped; a I was given straight over his face, glad "Oh," and made a remark at the remark. At the door he with a roll of letter. The boat under the table.

KING it was the sign, Swinton asked his rifle and verse to the knowledge a native standing the wall.

pi do you want?" the captain a hand Kelson. "I am the right commander of people." In the steps then? Swinton com-

at the table, he said "Dubois Perren go back to your house with the knowledge, but I want understand Kelson's."

like Perren whispered "That is Please bring me money."

o then proved to encourage the boy. "Mr Perren is honest. I calculate for how rapid this."

while that the required something to do with the coming. Meanwhile, Captain Swinton's his room, returned with the ship he slipped quickly into Perren's, sitting in a low chair, to see me again." He standing the three frames past down will read, and saw Perren's back before, then their hands, was in, to their room, Lord Victor. Don't see how the devil you had come, captain. Are you really as a book and were imagining

or get something out of it." the K answered emphatically.

CHAPTER III

RAIN SWINTON had told his men to call him early, his in- raving brought him the full value. However early morning for a rifle, error had failed at the side, of a one pleasure trip on hushback. Furtive had not pressed the point, every much desired to make a little a experience of his own but, a con- dition side free from the same com- mended his young charge.

he first soft, drawn-out "Silence" of his better, the captain was up liberally possible. His eyes light-

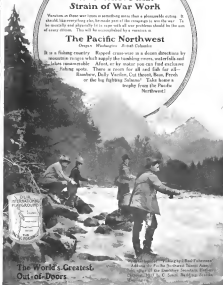
Rod and Reel Will Relieve That Strain of War Work

Warfare in these war times is something new to this a pleasant activity. It should like everything in, to make part of the response to the war. To be healthy and physically fit to cope with all war problems should be the aim of every citizen. This will be accomplished by a vacation in

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Draper Magazine, Mount Columbia

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Edited by Bennett — Portland, O. R.

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Women and their Work

EDITED BY ETHEL M. CRAFTMAN

MY CANADIAN, what kind of Canada do you want to live in after the war? Because we can make our Canada, and we shall have it be do. Great changes there have been, great changes there will be and we must take our part in understanding the meaning of these changes in and for Canada. Canada will be the kind of country that we are wise enough and strong enough and kind enough to make it.

We need not say much enough. Long ago, in the day of a small Canada, where General Manners Grant went from house to house, and from door to door, and from street to street, to ask of men and women to tell others what he had seen and believed of the amazing fertility and resources of Canada, and to tell them that the land was opened by chance on the prairie, springing up and bearing abundant fruit—here, here, here, and there were full of merchandise for the people. He said that the land was so good, and so fertile, and so rich, and so full of all sorts of things, that if Canada were ever found wanting in national spirit and spiritual riches, it would not be an accident of fate, but that it would be a result of its own fault, but that we should pray that our national glory of heart and greatness of soul would bear some of its relation to our own country's great richness of earth's bounty.

laborer which is kept back by friend-
cries against us. But if we "do not know
and will not consider." But if we, as a
nation, are "disobedient unto the heav-
enly vision" to which we have been briefly
revealed by the mercenary logic and the
bitter sufferings of war.

We have a glimpse now of a different standard from that of pre-war days. The danger is that the glimpse may be a fleeting one. We have, for the time, lost faith in certain false gods, and are wending to spare ourselves certain "unnecessary evils" which we abhor. But what group-

we need to conduct an earnest search in our own brains for our own better ideas. We need more devotion to the general good, more enthusiasm for the common cause. We need to give full play and in short expression and opportunity to the impulse we all feel to "get up and get into the game" and we need to make it our duty, business and joy to encourage and set free that impulse in others.

Great qualities have come to birth in the line of battle and in the trenches. The man showed marvelous resource and initiative, and that man priceless common sense, and that other remarkable self-control and yet another real intelligence and all showed discipline and the hero-

There can be found in peace the more equivalent of war. We must learn to realize ourselves and to help those with whom we associate to realize themselves. We must make that realization a determining and definite aim in politics, in business, in education, in society, in religion and in the home.

THE BLOOD SPOT IN THE CUP.



Dr. Helen Macfarlane.

"We need a different outlook on life—
"A wider, grander kingdom, and a deeper
"nobler God;" we need to stir our minds and
"not cramp them in the stifling atmosphere
"of selfishness and apathy. We need to li-

our imaginations with what is lovely and of good report—picture and vision and plan—not emptiness. We need to do things more and talk about them less. Competition and criticism and opposition may be good in their place, but co-operation and understanding are better.

[illegible]

The 19th of December, 1967, was the Dominion of Canada's Busy Day. Millions of us Canadians rose at 4:30 a.m. instead of 7:30 a.m. All day there was an intense personal concern and attention, a seriousness and earnestness in all Canada. The spirit of that Union Government simply campaigning will help to make the rich kind of Canada.

THIS year, as last year before, every household in Canada should put up much a supply of canned foods as will prepare it for any emergency need. Winter, they haven't had, made wintering a major task for the farmer. The government has been unable to recover for export, but in the approach this morning has not accomplished what is required, it is only to anticipate that we

There is nothing sophisticated about the process of canning but sometimes rather puzzling things happen. The housekeeper finds a jar perfectly sealed but could have fished an ant on the top of the fruit; she can't see how the mold got into the jar because it was air-tight. The mold didn't go into the jar—it was there all the time like a dormant seed and the jar wasn't heated hot enough or long enough to kill it.

we saw they had the fruit so fed on, small plants began to grow. To prevent this, the jars, however, clean they may be, should be sterilized before they are filled. A good way to do this is to put them on a rack over a pot of boiling water and steam for 15 minutes. With water, before the water is boiling, pour and tell five minutes, the tops can be sterilized with the jars and the rubbers scalded well. Before sterilizing a jar, test it to see if it is tight by filling with water, placing on rubber and top, shaking well and then turning upside down; there should be no leaking for the first few seconds. At we occasionally find a jar with a flaw in the top, or suppose the rubber is not on the top, or the jar is not tight, by using two rubbers, this precaution may save a lot of

time and appearance later. It is also important to use only fresh sound fruit or vegetables for sanding. Those which are overripe are likely to harbor mold spores which ordinary boiling will not kill.

Another process which has an important part in preserving fruit and vegetables pending its use is the blanching and cold dipping. This merely means immersing the vegetables in boiling water for a few minutes, then removing and plunging them in and out of cold water. Besides killing certain troublesome mold spores which straight boiling would not touch, this treatment gets rid of objectionable and/or acrid flavors and of the taste of vegetable grava, string beans, asparagus, etc. renders their bulk soft, makes them pliable and easy to pack in the can.

While every housekeeper in view of the coming month will want to moderately increase her supply of canned foods this year, the smart cook will also take advantage of a November discount for her well-stocked shelves of named delicacies accomplished much of this preserving as she cooked from day to day. When preparing a roast, a ham, a turkey, or a small roast, she cooked a little more than was needed and put this extra amount away in jars. It is easy, for instance, when preparing tomatoes, to add salt, pepper and sugar to a tomato sauce and freeze it in a quart instead of can, and when ready to serve to defrost the quantity into use as a tomato sauce. In the same way, a jar of meat stewed from a ham, a jar of meat stewed from a beef, a jar of vegetable soup and peas, however, which require a longer period of simmering for cooking time, is necessary for ordinary cooking con-


 A black and white portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a white tuxedo jacket, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light color.[illegible]

...doubt that fruit caused by the cold park in
...the old town. Note the old town in

The cold pack method also keeps other adventures in addition to making it possible to eat certain vegetables which would not keep if simply cooked in an open kettle and sealed. In the case of fruits the flavor and shape are better retained and much of the work can be done away from the heat source.

There is no doubt that fruit, canned by the cold pack method or frozen without sugar will keep. Note the dates on the cards.

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THE BEST BOOKS

The Best Selling Book

MRS. PORTER's best book, "Oh, Money! Money!" (Thomas Allen) heads the list of this month's sales. It is a happy, funny story showing how the ordinary of wealth may not prove as altogether unalloyed blessing. To those of us who have never had a hundred thousand dollars thrown at us, it seems, it is distinctly amusing to know from what a peak of trouble we have thereby been saved. On the other hand, should the pleasure buyers ever come our way "Poor Money" has given us most comfort points as to how best to use it.

Stephen Fellen, millionaire and lonely bachelor, despondent of finding a suitable wife in his own country, imports himself as plain John Smith and as such introduces himself to some distant relatives. Shortly after this they each receive a gift of a hundred thousand dollars purporting to come from their common uncle, Stanley Fellen. Meanwhile John Smith, has ample opportunity for watching the effect of his gift which in some cases proves almost disastrous. How the situation eventually rights itself and how John acquires much valuable experience and a character which I leave Mrs. Porter to tell you in her own words. "Oh, Money! Money!" is a story of the securities of unexpected wealth and a book a novel!

Record of New Books

The Scourge, O. Douglas, (Holder & Douglas Ltd., Toronto) \$1.50.

This is a story of Douglas's life in Glasgow and in the frontier and shows the effect of the impact of war upon a peaceful society.

The Goodman Family, Mr. S. W. Wells (The MacMillan Co., Toronto) \$1.50. The story of a girl brought up to the observation of the strictest traditions of gentility, but whose work and art and native common sense change her into a humane and democratic person.

The High Romance, Michael Williams (The MacMillan Co., Toronto) \$1.50.

An unusual story taking the author the length and breadth of the country and bringing him into contact with many interesting people and strange scenes.

Lost Naval Papers, Ernest Oppenheimer (Thomas Allen, Toronto) \$1.50.

A series of exciting episodes which reveal the English Secret Service as it really is—alert, unscrupulous, and supremely competent.

The Heart of Whispers, William Johnston (Thomas Allen, Toronto) \$1.50.

An up-to-date mystery story with an original plot and in novel surroundings.

The Statue in the Wood, Richard Pryce (Thomas Allen, Toronto) \$1.50.

The story of a wealthy young woman who falls in love with the competent young contractor who manages her estate. The romance, which ends happily, has for its setting England in the 19th century, thus avoiding some of the shadow of the great war.

The Marriage, Mrs. Wm. McLeod Balcan (Thomas Allen, Toronto) \$1.50.

The theme of this story is the problem of the man who is physically a coward and forced to face great and imminent danger. The story tells how he finally conquers both himself and his enemies and wins the love of the charming heroine.

The Book of Arcturion (William Briggs, Toronto) \$1.50. Mystery still attaches to the authorship of this book which was published anonymously and is reported to have set all kindred readers.

Method of Castle Rough, J. A. Fraser (William Briggs, Toronto) \$1.50.

A thrilling romance of Scotland and France in the year of the Armada.

Strait Times, John Ferguson (S. B. Gandy, Toronto) \$1.50.

A tale of great adventure and exciting adventure with the German Secret Service.

The First People, Anna Warwick (S. B. Gandy, Toronto) \$1.50.

The travel romance of a girl who is torn of her "Gala Street Town" in the American West and leaves it to mingle in a whirl of royalty and diplomatic mystery in the Asiatic East.

The Man Who Lost Himself, R. De Vere Sharples (S. B. Gandy, Toronto) \$1.50.

How Victor Jones of Philadelphia suddenly finds himself stranded amongst the poets of England is told with the simplicity and unobtrusively characteristic of Mr. Sharples.

Walter the Wisp, Archie P. McKibbin (Thomas Allen, Toronto) \$1.50.

A vividly told story of the woods of the Canadian North and of a young man who comes to them from the city, involved in soul and body, and by valiant outdoor life and adventure regains his health and happiness and makes his fortune.

An exciting story of a young designer, musician and a happy ending.

The Making of George Gorton, Bruce Burton (The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto) \$1.50.

Tells how George Gorton, the country lad, came to New York, where he eventually climbed the ladder of success, and by learning his lesson found his real self and his real life purpose.

The Amazing Forebode, Mary Roberts Richman (Macmillan, Gould & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto) \$1.50.

A stirring story of an American girl who meets her way to England where she sets up a House of Ash just behind the lines. It tells of a little house of mercy, of a girl with a domineering spirit and of two men who love her.

Keith Lancaster, Bobb H. Hood (Macmillan, Gould & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto) \$1.50.

A publication of British Columbia, by a new Canadian writer of promise.

The Apple-Free Girl, George Weston (Macmillan, Gould & Stewart, Toronto) \$1.50.

Tells how Charlotte Harris carries a cruel tale of poverty to a happy end. A bright tale in which pluck and magnificence prove the winning cards.

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